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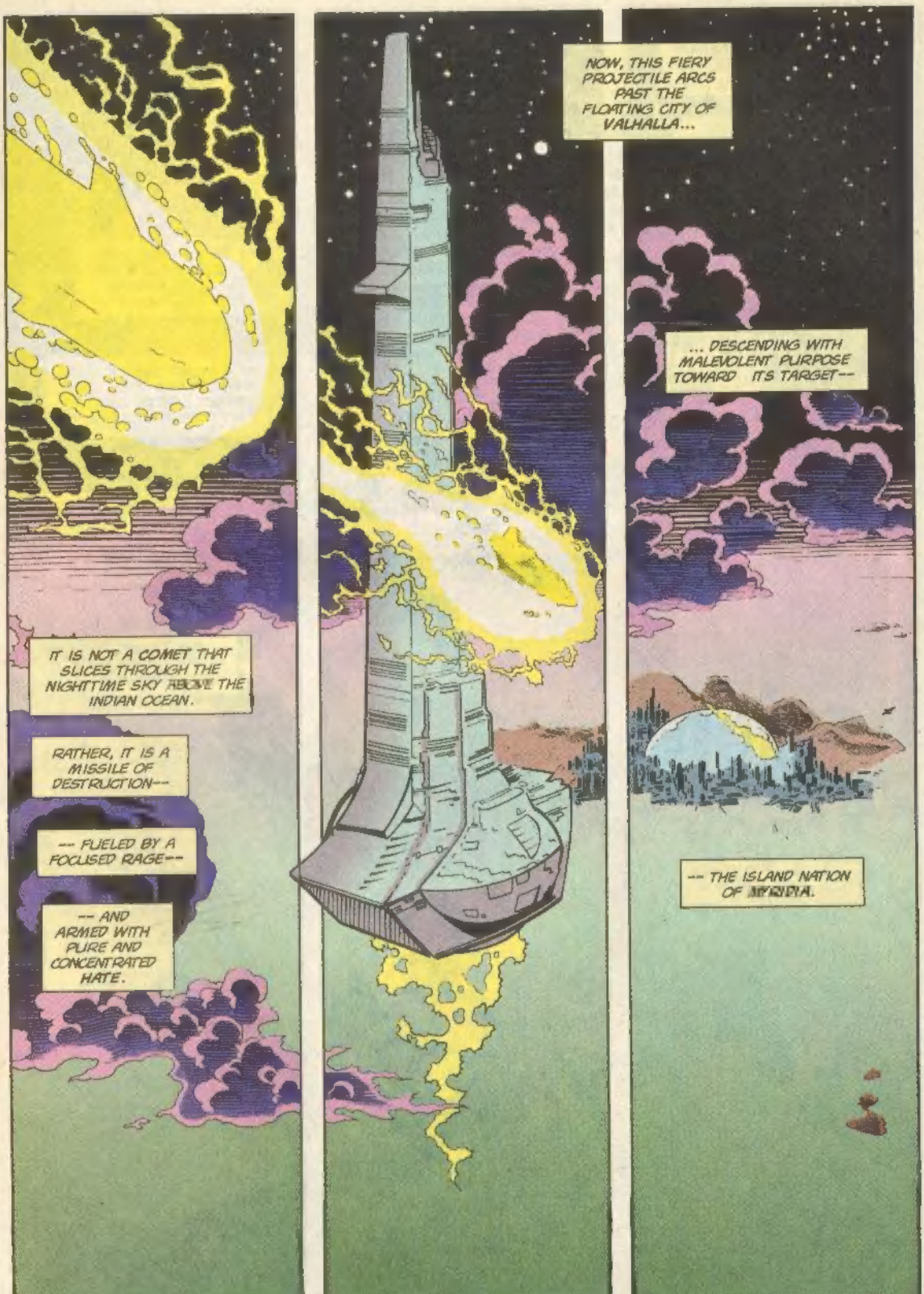
IT IS NOT A COMET THAT SLICES THROUGH THE NIGHTTIME SKY ABOVE THE INDIAN OCEAN.
RATHER, IT IS A MISSILE OF DESTRUCTION--
-- FUELED BY A FOCUSED RAGE--
-- AND ARMED WITH PURE AND CONCENTRATED HATE.
NOW, THIS FIERY PROJECTILE ARCS PAST THE FLOATING CITY OF VALHALLA...
... DESCENDING WITH MALEVOLENT PURPOSE TOWARD ITS TARGET--
-- THE ISLAND NATION OF MEDINA.

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AS THE SHRILL PITCH OF THE APPROACHING MISSILE BECOMES AN EARSPLITTING SHRIEK--
-- THE DOWNTOWN STREETS OF MYRIDIA'S CAPITAL CITY, CHENAYA EXPLODE IN SUDDEN PANIC.
IN THE HYSTERIA, FEW HAVE TIME TO WONDER HOW THE MISSILE BYPASSED THE ISLAND'S SATELLITE DEFENSES--
-- BEFORE THE GROUND SHAKES WITH BONE-RATTLING IMPACT.
KA-WHOOOH!
AS THE EXPLOSION ECHOES OFF THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS--
-- A MONSTROUS FIGURE RISES OUT OF THE IMPACT CRATER LEFT BY THE DOWNED MISSILE--
-- AND ONLY THEN DOES THE STUNNED CROWD REALIZE THE PAYLOAD WAS NEITHER NUCLEAR NOR BIOLOGICAL--
-- BUT SOMETHING FAR MORE FRIGHTENING..

FROM THE SCREAMING METAL WRECKAGE HALF BURIED IN THE CHENAYA STREET, THE DEAD HAVE EMERGED, RESURRECTED.
NO LONGER DO FLESH AND BLOOD LIE BENEATH THE CYBERNETIC EXTERIOR.
HEAR ME, DOOM!
TIGER WYLDE IS COMING FOR YOU!
THE ONLY TRACE OF HUMANITY THAT REMAINS IN THIS ENGINE OF UNBRIDLED FURY--
— IS THE FORCE THAT INEXORABLY DRIVES THIS TITANIUM REINFORCED JUGGERNAUT—
— AN OVERWHELMING HUNGER FOR REVENGE.
Stan Lee presents
Seize The Day
JOHN FRANCIS MOORE-- WRITER, PAT BRODERICK-- PENCILER, JOHN NYBERG-- INKER, JOHN COSTANZA-- LETTERER, JOE ANDREANI-- COLORIST, JOEY CAVALIERI-- EDITOR AND TOM DEFALCO-- EDITOR IN CHIEF

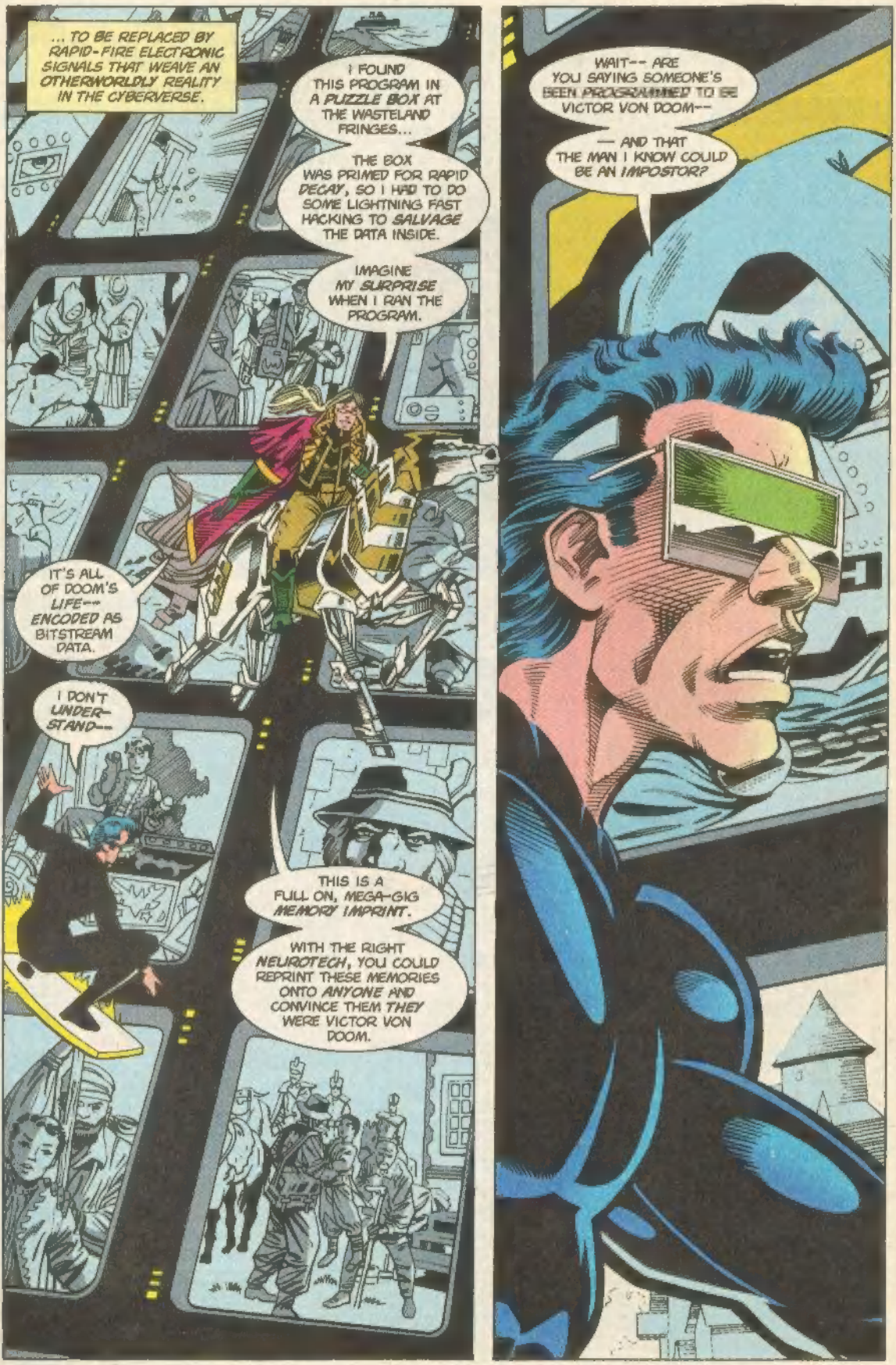
ELSEWHERE, IN THE SUBTERRANEAN HEART OF THE MYRIDIAN CAPITOL DOME, A SURPRISINGLY BLOODLESS COUP CONCLUDES--
-- AND THE NATION FALLS WITH LITTLE STRUGGLE TO AN ARMORED FOREIGN INVADER.
GENERAL, THIS IS INSANE!
YOU CANNOT GIVE MYRIDIA TO THIS LATVERIAN UPSTART...
YOUR ASSISTANT FEARS THAT I AM SOME CARPETBAGGER HERE TO LOOT THE TREASURY AND LEAVE THE REMAINS TO THE VULTURES.
I ASSURE YOU, GENERAL, MYRIDIA WILL PROSPER UNDER MY CONTROL.
TIBOR DIAGHILEV CZERNY CAN DO WHATEVER HE PLEASES, BIDJOCKA.
IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY BLOOD AND SWEAT, MYRIDIA WOULD STILL BE A BACKWATER SINKHOLE.
-- INSTEAD OF THE INTERNATIONAL POWER IT IS TODAY.
THE INFORMATION IN YOUR COUNTRY'S RENOWNED DATABANKS IS FAR TOO VALUABLE A POLITICAL RESOURCE TO SQUANDER.
I AM OLD, DOOM, BUT DON'T BE SO QUICK TO THROW DIRT ON MY GRAVE.
REMEMBER, THOSE DATABANKS ARE CONNECTED TO MY LIFE SUPPORT.
IF I FLATLINE, THE SYSTEM CRASHES WITH ME.
WHEN AND IF-- I JUDGE YOU WORTHY OF MY LEGACY--
-- THEN-- AND ONLY THEN WILL MYRIDIA BE FULLY YOURS.

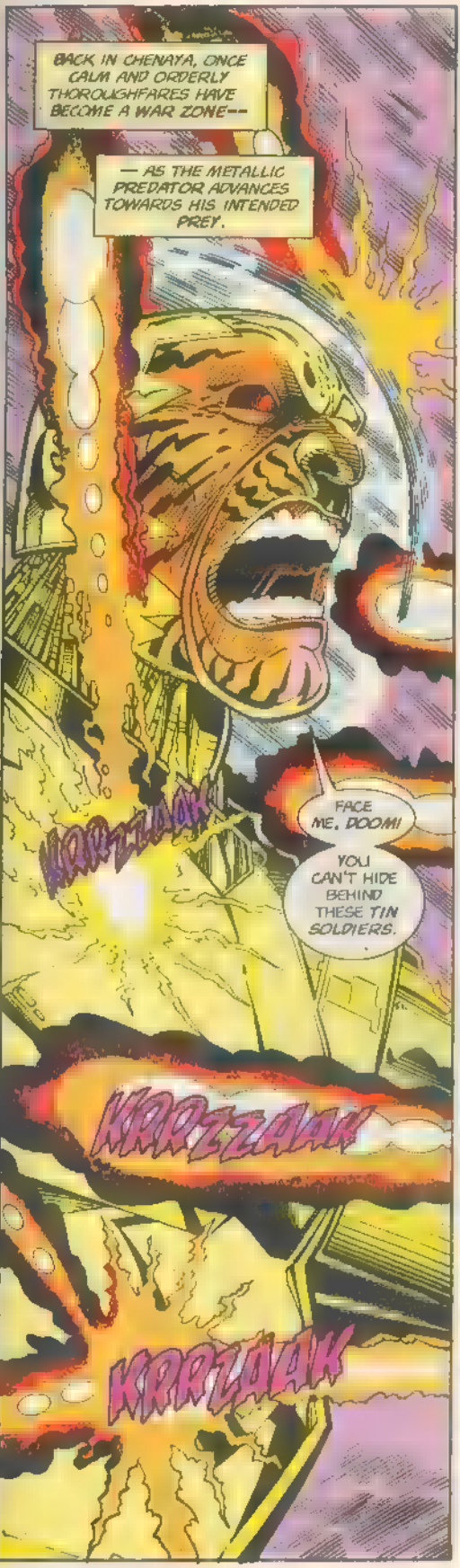
YOU ARE A WORTHY OPPONENT, GENERAL.
WE HAVE MUCH IN COMMON, DOOM-- MORE THAN YOU SUSPECT.
YOU SEE, I KNOW THE TRUE REASON YOU'VE COME TO MYRIDIA--
--LATELY, YOU HAVE BEEN HAUNTED BY DOUBTS OF YOUR OWN IDENTITY.
AND YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH CHRISTIAN L'ARGENT MADE YOU AWARE OF ANOTHER CLAIMING TO BE DOOM--
--EXISTING IN SHADOWS, MANIPULATING WORLD EVENTS FROM A CAREFULLY CHOSEN DISTANCE.
HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?
NOW YOU SEEK EVIDENCE OF THIS OTHER DOOM IN OUR METICULOUSLY DOCUMENTED ARCHIVES.
I BUILT THIS COUNTRY ON THE CURRENCY OF INFORMATION--
-- NATIONAL SECRETS, CORPORATE MEMORANDA, TECHNOLOGICAL DESIGNS, GENETIC BLUEPRINTS.
WHEN A MAN CALLED DOOM REAPPEARED AND RECLAIMED LATVERIA FROM TIGER WYLDE--
-- I USED ALL OF MYRIDIA'S CONSIDERABLE RESOURCES TO PLACE YOU UNDER MICROSCOPIC SCRUTINY.
AND WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED, GENERAL?
*DOOM 2099 #21

COMPUTER, ACCESS HOLO-IMAGE ERIK. KRISTOFER CZERNY.
GENERAL, YOU KNOW HOW THIS UPSETS YOU...
AH, YES, BUT WITH DOOM HERE, CIRCUMSTANCES ARE SO VERY DIFFERENT NOW, BIDJOCKA.
A RELATION, GENERAL?
MY SON... THE CHILD OF MY SECOND MARRIAGE... LOST TO ME FOR FOURTEEN YEARS...
ERIK WAS A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST AND STRATEGIST. MYRIDIA WAS TO BE HIS, ONE DAY.
BUT THEN HE BECAME OBSESSED WITH THE SHADOWS-- THAT SMALL CIRCLE OF INVISIBLE POTENTATES WHO TRULY RUN THE WORLD.
CONVINCED THAT THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CRISES OF RECENT YEARS HAD BEEN ENGINEERED BY THAT CABAL--
--ERIK DISAPPEARED IN A FOOLHARDY ATTEMPT TO EXPOSE THE SHADOWS.
DOES MY SON LOOK FAMILIAR TO YOU, DOOM?
YES. THIS IS THE FACE I HAVE SEEN IN MY DREAMS--
THE MAN WHOSE MEMORIES INVADE AND FILL THE GAPS IN MY OWN.
WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS, GENERAL?
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? IT HAS EVERYTHING TO DO WITH YOU.
I WOULD NEVER RELINQUISH MYRIDIA TO THE CARE OF A STRANGER.

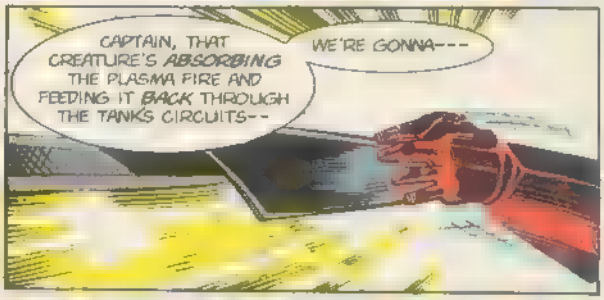
CHENAYA'S MARKET DISTRICT.
-- MISSILE LANDED IN THE MIDDLE OF PROMENADE--
-- RHAPSODY, SHRIEK, MR. ED-- I GOT 'EM ALL AT WHOLESALE--
-- HEAR THE GENERAL'S TROOPS ARE MOBILIZING AS WE SPEAK--
...VOLUME, VOLUME, VOLUME...
UGHHH...
... CAN'T MOVE...
LENA'S LIPLOCK WILL DO THAT TO YOU.
HER KISS PARALYZES HER VICTIM'S NERVOUS SYSTEM WITH AN ELECTRONIC IMPULSE.
RELAX, THE SHOCK WEARS OFF IN A COUPLE OF HOURS..
HOW DO YOU FEEL?
LIKE I'M IN CRYO-THAW. WHERE AM I... AND WHO ARE YOU?
YOU'RE IN A ROOM ABOVE MELANI'S VIRTUAL MASSAGE EMPORIUM.
-- BUT DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE ME, WIRE.
Y'KNOW, I MIGHT HAVE TO REVOKE YOUR RADIO RANGER MEMBERSHIP BADGE.
DUKE STRATOSPHERE?!?
IN THE SELDOM SEEN FLESH.
YOU SENT THAT CIRCUIT-GIRL AFTER ME?
WHAT IS IT THIS TIME? DO YOU OWE ANOTHER PSYCHOPATHIC VIRUS?*
*THE DUKE LURED WIRE AND DOOM TO THE VIRAL AGENT FEVER IN DOOM 2099 #6.

CHILL, GLIDER. NO TRICKS THIS TIME.
WHEN I REALIZED DOOM WAS POWERTRIPPING IN MYRIDIA, IT BECAME IMPERATIVE WE FACE TO FACE.
SO YOU HAD ME KIDNAPPED?
COULDN'T RISK BEING MARKED IN PUBLIC. LENA'S REET, PETITE AND DISCREET.
EVER SEEN ONE OF THESE?
A PLATINUM DECK. COURIERS CARRY THEM. DATA'S MINED SO ONLY THE RECIPIENT CAN DOWNLOAD THE INFO.
THE INFO ON HERE'S TOO HOT TO KEEP ON THE OPEN CHANNELS.
I KEYED THE DECK FOR TWO CPU SIGNATURES-- YOURS AND MINE--
WHY DO I RATE?
JACK IN. I'LL SHOW YOU.
I THINK IT WILL SCRAMBLE YOUR NEUROTECH LIKE NOTHING YOU'VE EVER SEEN.
THAT'S AN OFFER I CAN'T REFUSE.
LET'S GLIDE.
AS WIRE CONNECTS TO STRATOSPHERE'S PLATINUM DECK, THE OUTSIDE WORLD SLIPS AWAY...

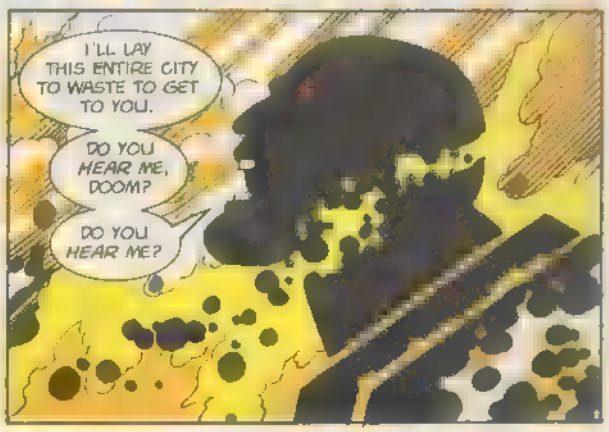

... TO BE REPLACED BY RAPID-FIRE ELECTRONIC SIGNALS THAT WEAVE AN OTHERWORLDLY REALITY IN THE CYBERVERSE.
I FOUND THIS PROGRAM IN A PUZZLE BOX AT THE WASTELAND FRINGES...
THE BOX WAS PRIMED FOR RAPID DECAY, SO I HAD TO DO SOME LIGHTNING FAST HACKING TO SALVAGE THE DATA INSIDE.
IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN I RAN THE PROGRAM.
IT'S ALL OF DOOM'S LIFE--- ENCODED AS BITSTREAM DATA.
I DON'T UNDER-STAND---
THIS IS A FULL ON, MEGA-GIG MEMORY IMPRINT.
WITH THE RIGHT NEUROTECH, YOU COULD REPRINT THESE MEMORIES ONTO ANYONE AND CONVINCE THEM THEY WERE VICTOR VON DOOM.
WAIT-- ARE YOU SAYING SOMEONE'S BEEN PROGRAMMED TO BE VICTOR VON DOOM---
--- AND THAT THE MAN I KNOW COULD BE AN IMPOSTOR?

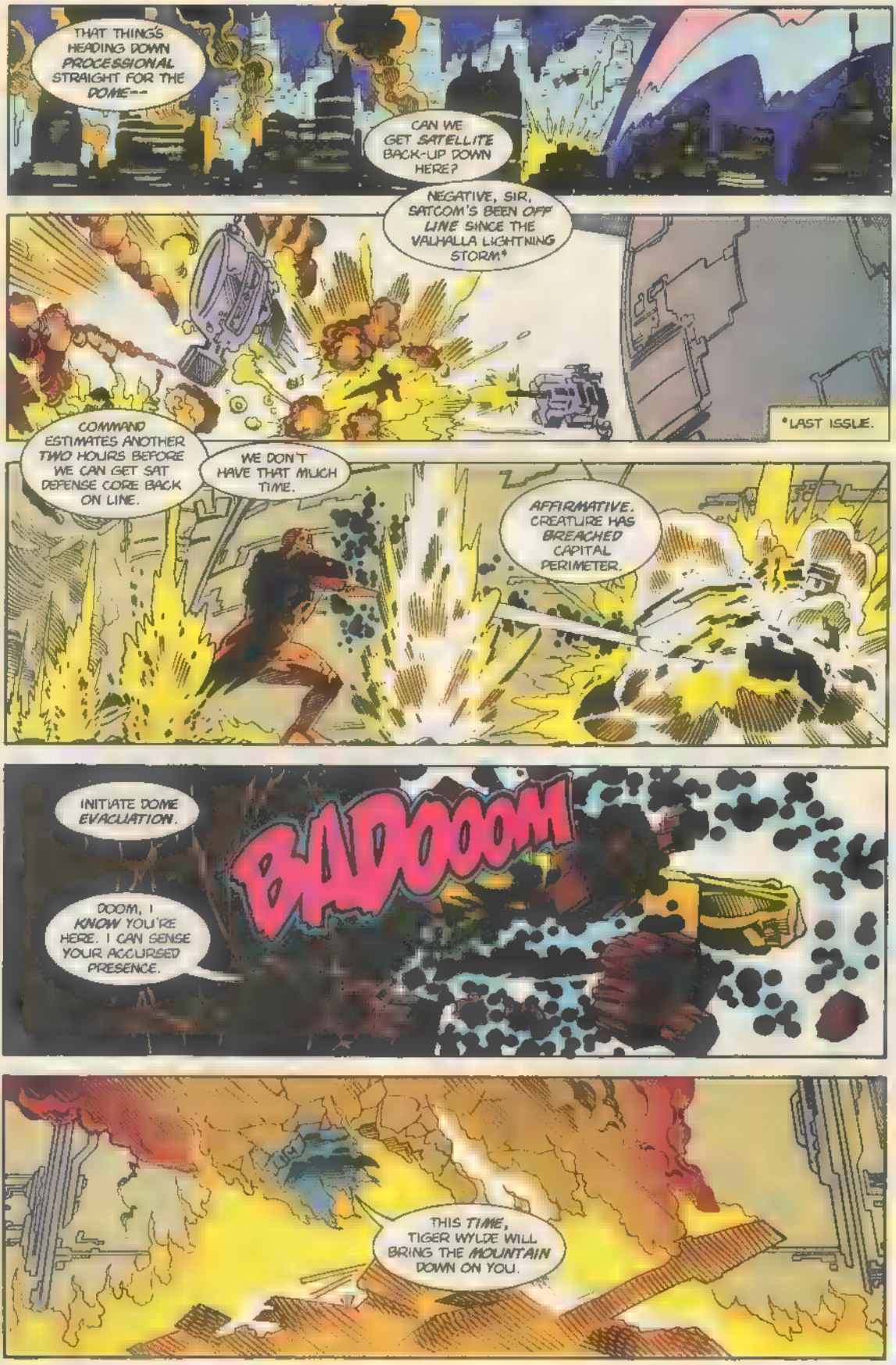

BACK IN CHENAYA, ONCE CALM AND ORDERLY THOROUGHFARES HAVE BECOME A WAR ZONE--
— AS THE METALLIC PREDATOR ADVANCES TOWARDS HIS INTENDED PREY.
KRRRZZAAK
FACE ME, DOOM!
YOU CAN'T HIDE BEHIND THESE TIN SOLDIERS.
KRRZZAAK
KRRZZAAK

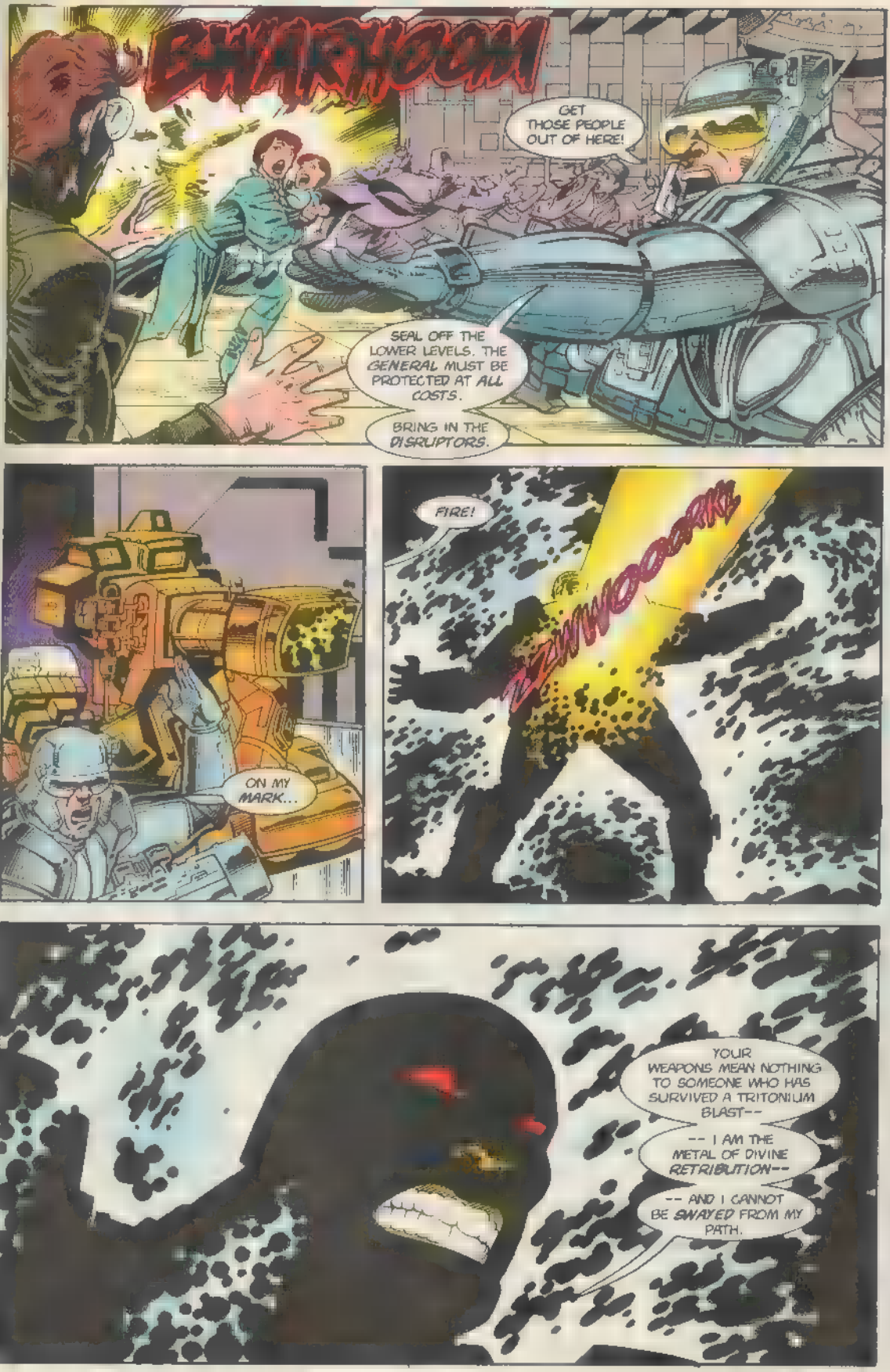
IT'S NO GOOD, SIR. IT'S TAKING ALL OUR FIREPOWER LIKE IT WAS NOTHING.
READY THE PLASMA CANNON.
FIRE!

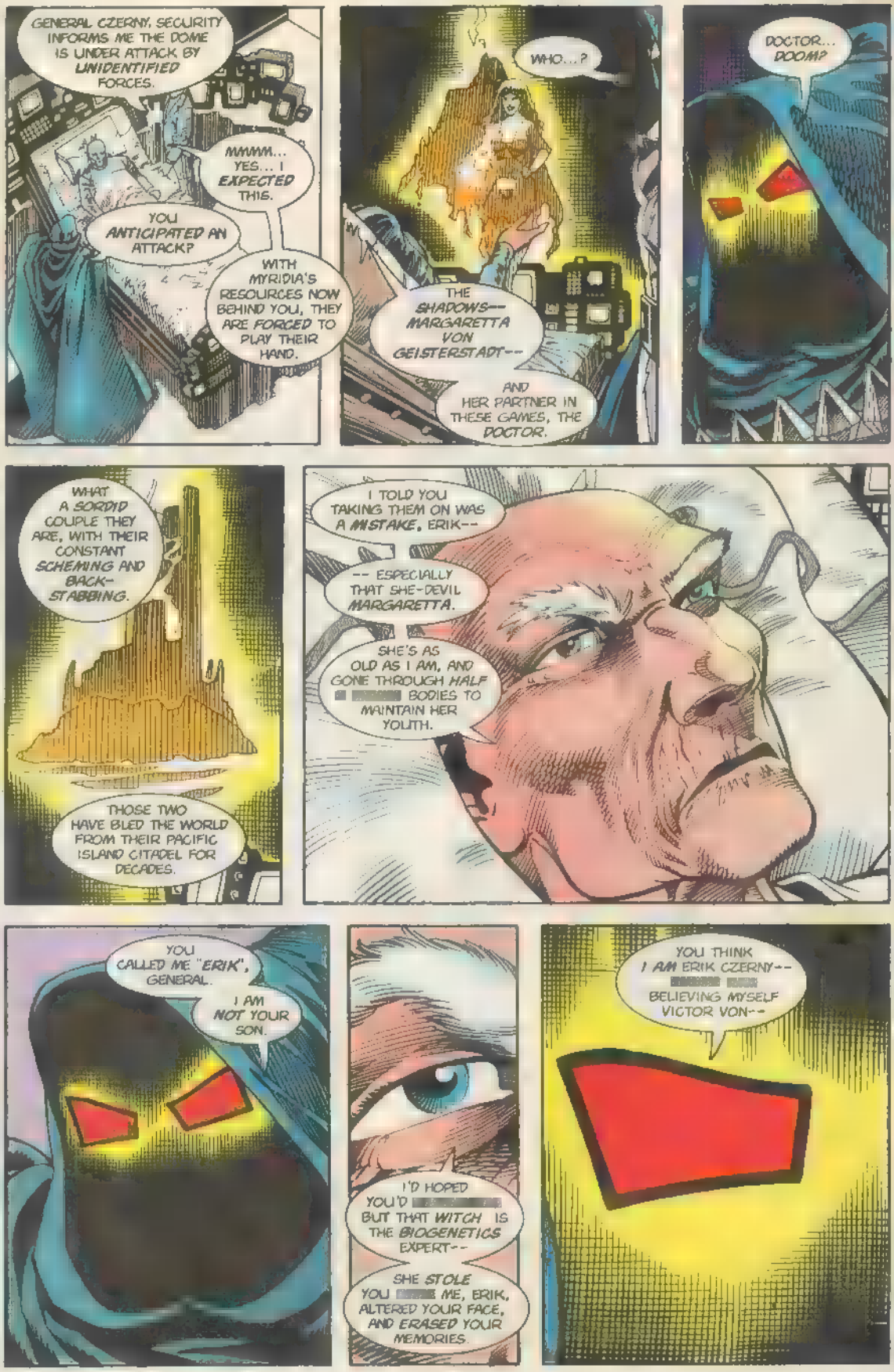

CAPTAIN, THAT CREATURE'S ABSORBING THE PLASMA FIRE AND FEEDING IT BACK THROUGH THE TANKS CIRCUITS--
WE'RE GONNA---

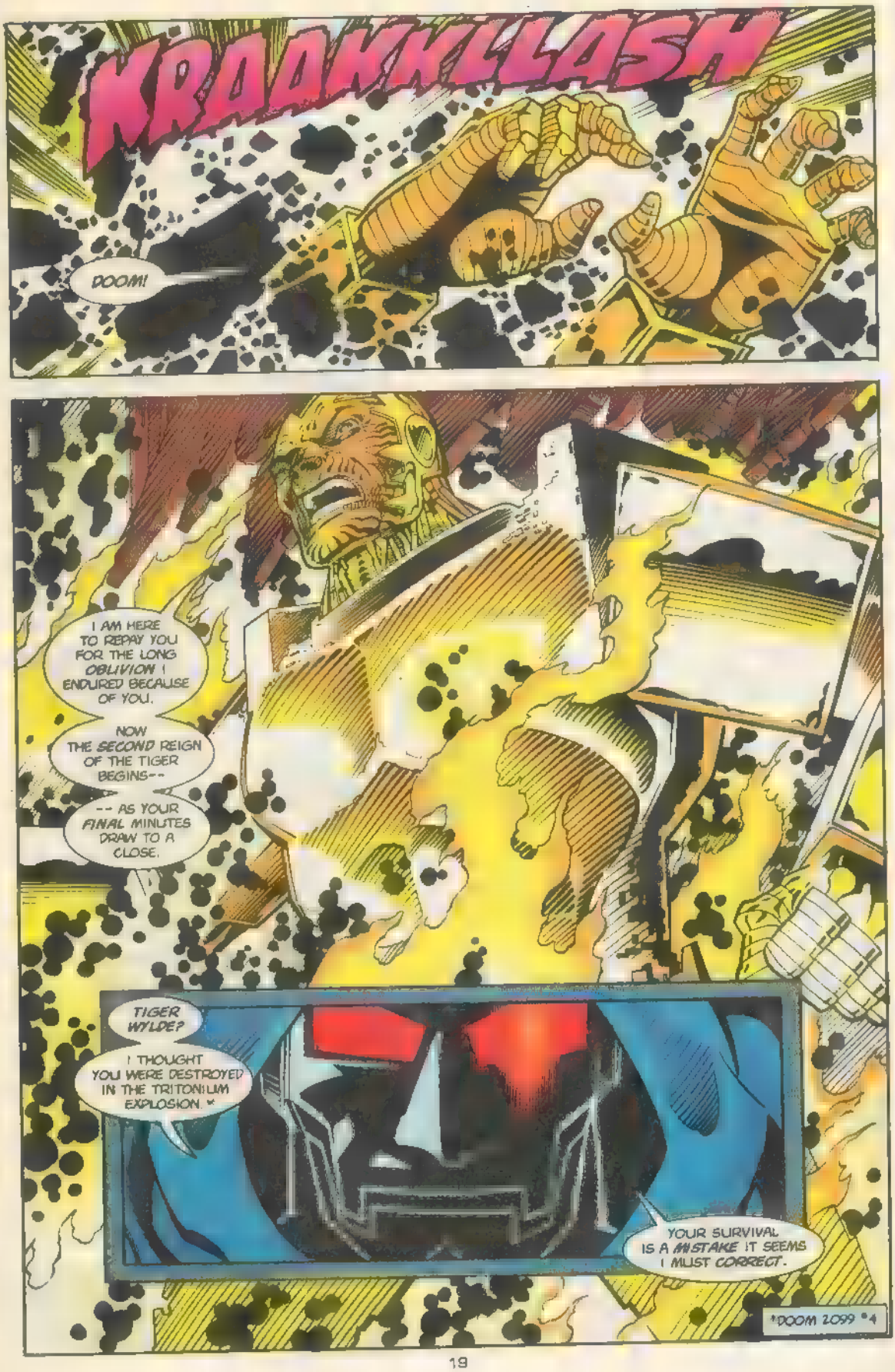
KABOOOM!
COME OUT, YOU MISERABLE GYPSY!


I'LL LAY THIS ENTIRE CITY TO WASTE TO GET TO YOU.
DO YOU HEAR ME, DOOM?
DO YOU HEAR ME?


THAT THING'S HEADING DOWN PROCESSIONAL STRAIGHT FOR THE DOME--
CAN WE GET SATELLITE BACK-UP DOWN HERE?
NEGATIVE, SIR, SATCOM'S BEEN OFF LINE SINCE THE VALHALLA LIGHTNING STORM*
*LAST ISSUE.
COMMAND ESTIMATES ANOTHER TWO HOURS BEFORE WE CAN GET SAT DEFENSE CORE BACK ON LINE.
WE DON'T HAVE THAT MUCH TIME.
AFFIRMATIVE. CREATURE HAS BREACHED CAPITAL PERIMETER.
INITIATE DOME EVACUATION.
BADOOOOM
DOOM, I KNOW YOU'RE HERE. I CAN SENSE YOUR ACCURSED PRESENCE.
THIS TIME, TIGER WYLDE WILL BRING THE MOUNTAIN DOWN ON YOU.

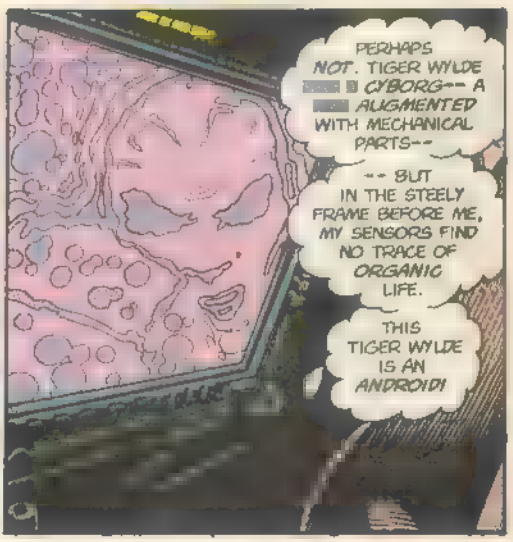

BWARHOOM!
GET THOSE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE!
SEAL OFF THE LOWER LEVELS. THE GENERAL MUST BE PROTECTED AT ALL COSTS.
BRING IN THE DISRUPTORS.
ON MY MARK...
FIRE!
ZZWWOOOARK!
YOUR WEAPONS MEAN NOTHING TO SOMEONE WHO HAS SURVIVED A TRITONIUM BLAST--
-- I AM THE METAL OF DIVINE RETRIBUTION--
-- AND I CANNOT BE SWAYED FROM MY PATH.


GENERAL CZERNY, SECURITY INFORMS ME THE DOME IS UNDER ATTACK BY UNIDENTIFIED FORCES.
MMMM... YES... I EXPECTED THIS.
YOU ANTICIPATED AN ATTACK?
WITH MYRIDIA'S RESOURCES NOW BEHIND YOU, THEY ARE FORCED TO PLAY THEIR HAND.
WHO...?
THE SHADOWS-- MARGARETTA VON GEISTERSTADT--
AND HER PARTNER IN THESE GAMES, THE DOCTOR.
DOCTOR... DOOM?
WHAT A SORDID COUPLE THEY ARE, WITH THEIR CONSTANT SCHEMING AND BACK-STABBING.
THOSE TWO HAVE BLED THE WORLD FROM THEIR PACIFIC ISLAND CITADEL FOR DECADES.
I TOLD YOU TAKING THEM ON WAS A MISTAKE, ERIK--
-- ESPECIALLY THAT SHE-DEVIL MARGARETTA.
SHE'S AS OLD AS I AM, AND GONE THROUGH HALF [redacted] BODIES TO MAINTAIN HER YOUTH.
YOU CALLED ME "ERIK", GENERAL.
I AM NOT YOUR SON.
I'D HOPED YOU'D [redacted] BUT THAT WITCH IS THE BIOGENETICS EXPERT--
SHE STOLE YOU [redacted] ME, ERIK, ALTERED YOUR FACE, AND ERASED YOUR MEMORIES.
YOU THINK I AM ERIK CZERNY-- [redacted] BELIEVING MYSELF VICTOR VON--


KRAAKKLASH
DOOM!
I AM HERE TO REPAY YOU FOR THE LONG OBLIVION I ENDURED BECAUSE OF YOU.
NOW THE SECOND REIGN OF THE TIGER BEGINS--
-- AS YOUR FINAL MINUTES DRAW TO A CLOSE.
TIGER WYLDE?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE DESTROYED IN THE TRITONIUM EXPLOSION.
YOUR SURVIVAL IS A MISTAKE IT SEEMS I MUST CORRECT.
*DOOM 2099 #4

I CAN'T BE SO EASILY DEFEATED THIS TIME, DOOM.
THIS BODY IS STRONGER AND MORE POWERFUL THAN THE BEST OF MY FORMER CYBERNETICS.
I AM THE FORGE THAT WILL HAMMER YOU INTO HELL.
HE'S RIGHT-- THE INTENSITY OF HIS BIOTRONIC FEEDBACK IS GREATER THAN DURING OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER--
-- WHEN HE ONCE TURNED MY OLD ARMOR'S ENERGY AGAINST ME.

AND THOUGH MY CURRENT ARMOR IS MORE SECURE THAN ITS PREDECESSOR--
--WYLDE'S GENERATING ENOUGH FOCUSSED E-M STATIC TO AFFECT THIS SYSTEM.
DID YOU THINK YOU COULD KILL ME, DOOM?
I AM UNSTOPPABLE. I AM TIGER WYLDE.


PERHAPS NOT. TIGER WYLDE [redacted] CYBORG-- A [redacted] AUGMENTED WITH MECHANICAL PARTS--
-- BUT IN THE STEELY FRAME BEFORE ME, MY SENSORS FIND NO TRACE OF ORGANIC LIFE.
THIS TIGER WYLDE IS AN ANDROID!

YOUR DREAMS OF WORLD CONQUEST-- END HERE, DOOM.
THE FUTURE IS A BRUTAL REALITY-- AND ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE.
KRACHONG
STOP!!! YOU'RE ENDANGERING THE GENERAL!
GET AWAY! HE'S WORTH A THOUSAND OF YOU!
YOU DARE LAY HANDS ON ME, YOU GNAT?
BIDJOCKA... NO... DON'T...
LET ME MAKE CLEAR HOW FOOLISH YOUR HEROIC GESTURE WAS.
KRAK
BIDJOCKA... MY FRIEND...
OH, I TREMBLE AT YOUR VAUNTED MIGHT, WYLDE--
YOU'VE PROVEN YOURSELF THE TERROR OF ADMINISTRATORS EVERYWHERE.
LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN, DOOM-- YOU WILL FIND NOTHING HUMOROUS IN THE GRAVE.
... NO... MY LIFE SUPPORT...

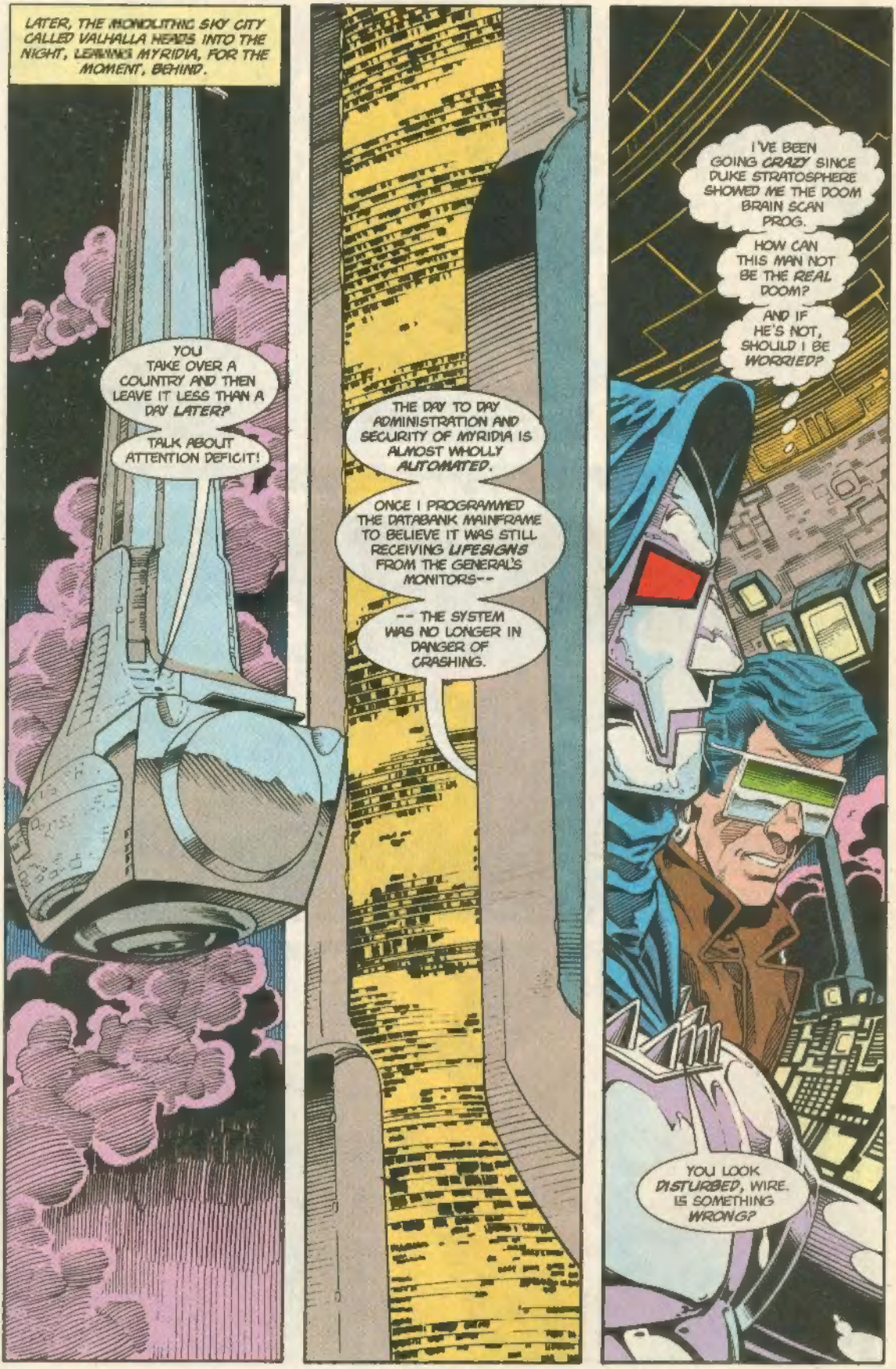
YOU ARE NOT THE FIRST ANDROID I HAVE ENCOUNTERED IN RECENT WEEKS, WYLDE--*
SATISFY MY CURIOSITY--TELL ME WHO BUILT YOU?
* L'ARGENT'S SECOND IN COMMAND, KINCAID, TURNED OUT TO BE AN ANDROID IN DOOM 2099 #21.
I AM NOT AN ANDROID!
I AM TIGER WYLDE.
I AM YOUR DESTROYER.
SO YOU SAY...
KLANG
HE BELIEVES HIMSELF TO BE THE TRUE TIGER WYLDE--
-- IS THAT ANY DIFFERENT FROM MY OWN CURRENT CRISIS OF IDENTITY?
BUT THESE EXISTENTIAL QUESTIONS HAVE [illegible] PLACE IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE.
REPLICA OR NOT, THIS WYLDE POSES A REAL THREAT.
I MUST PUT AN END TO THIS BATTLE QUICKLY.

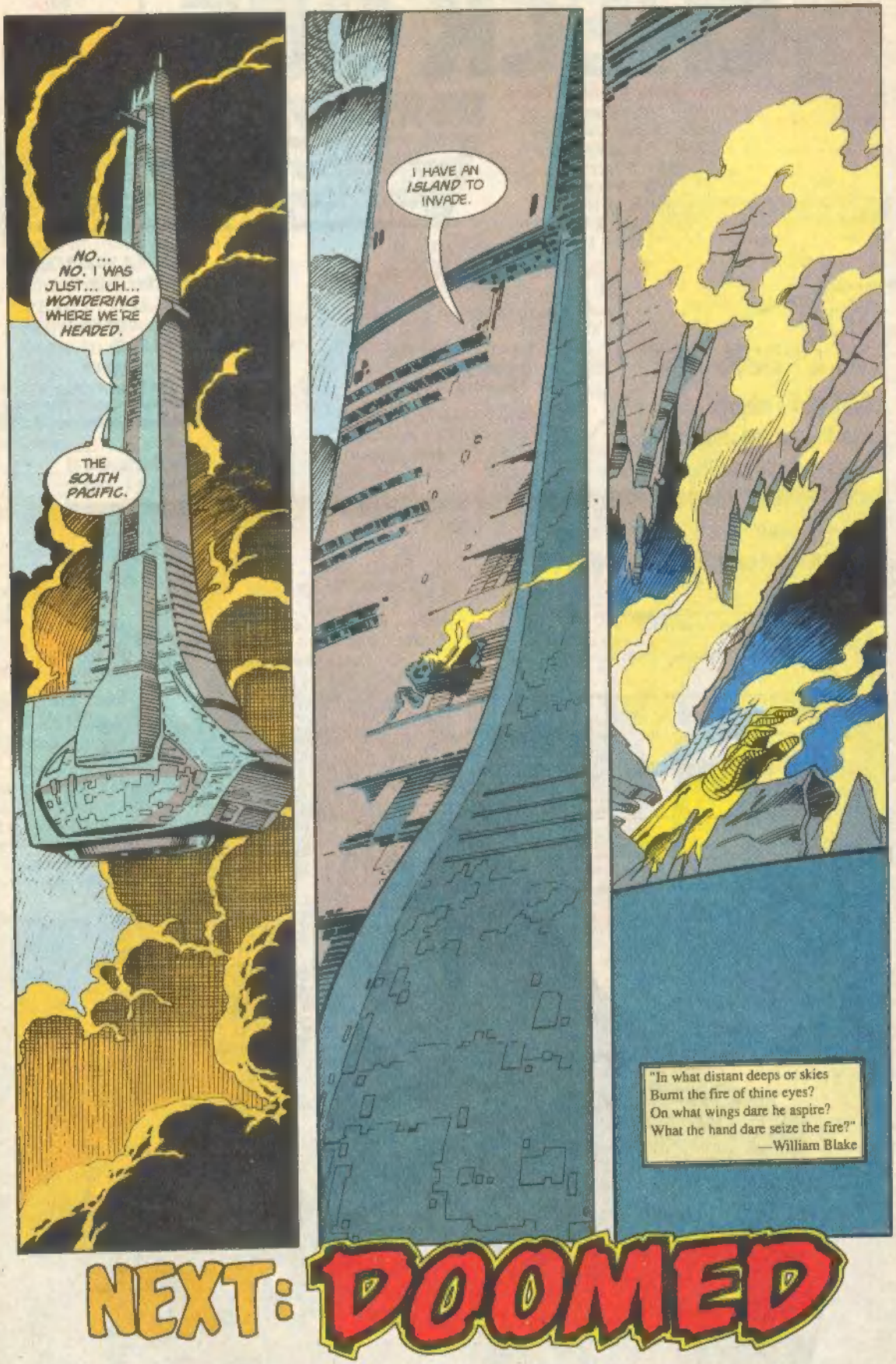
YOUR DESIGN DOES YOUR NAMESAKE JUSTICE, ROBOT..
MY CONCENTRATED IONIC BLASTS BARELY FAZE YOU.
ZZHHOOWW
SKKZZZIZZZ
YOU TOOK LATVERIA AWAY FROM ME AND VERY NEARLY STOLE MY LIFE.
I WILL PAY YOU BACK EVERY MOMENT [redacted] YOU HAVE CAUSED [redacted].
HE'S GENERATING MORE POWER THAN HE COULD SIPHON FROM MY ARMOR WHICH SUGGESTS A HIGH OUTPUT ENERGY CORE.
THE CHARGED FIELD AROUND HIM INTERFERES WITH MY ARMOR'S CIRCUITRY--
--MY SHIELDS ARE BARELY CONTAINING IT.

THIS POWER BATTERY FROM MY GAUNTLET'S WEAPON SYSTEM SHOULD BUY ME TIME.
WITHOUT THE GAUNTLET'S REGULATORY BUFFERS, THE BATTERY WILL OVERLOAD, EXPLODING LIKE A BOMB.
DO YOU FEAR DEATH, DOOM? YOU SHOULD--
I NEED ONLY ATTATCH THE BATTERY TO WYLDE'S ARMOR.
-- FOR YOURS WILL BE SLOW AND PAINFUL.
TAKK!
WHAT ARE YOU--
-- THEN LEVERAGE WYLDE--
-- INTO THE [redacted] ELEVATOR SHAFT HE CAME THROUGH.

BRARAWHOOM!
F-HHWOOMM!
KERASH!

MY SON...
GENERAL...
I CAN HELP YOU...
I DID NOT INTEND TO DIE TODAY...
NO... IT IS MY TIME... NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY...
— REMEMBER... THE WOMAN IS FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE DOCTOR...
BEWARE, MY SON...
MEEP MEEP MEEP MEEP MEEP MEEP
THE GENERAL IS DEAD—
— HE PASSED AWAY BELIEVING I WAS HIS PRODIGAL RETURNED HOME.
BEFORE I CAN INVESTIGATE THAT INCREDIBLE CLAIM, I HAVE A MORE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM.
THE MYRIDIAN SYSTEM WILL CRASH ONCE THESE MEDCOMPS TRASMIT THE GENERAL'S FLATLINE VITAL SIGNS.
I CANNOT LET THAT HAPPEN. THE KEY TO MY TRUE IDENTITY MAY LIE IN THOSE DATABANKS.


LATER, THE MONOLITHIC SKY CITY CALLED VALHALLA HEADS INTO THE NIGHT, LEAVING MYRIDIA, FOR THE MOMENT, BEHIND.
YOU TAKE OVER A COUNTRY AND THEN LEAVE IT LESS THAN A DAY LATER?
TALK ABOUT ATTENTION DEFICIT!
THE DAY TO DAY ADMINISTRATION AND SECURITY OF MYRIDIA IS ALMOST WHOLLY AUTOMATED.
ONCE I PROGRAMMED THE DATABANK MAINFRAME TO BELIEVE IT WAS STILL RECEIVING LIFESIGNS FROM THE GENERAL'S MONITORS--
-- THE SYSTEM WAS NO LONGER IN DANGER OF CRASHING.
I'VE BEEN GOING CRAZY SINCE DUKE STRATOSPHERE SHOWED ME THE DOOM BRAIN SCAN PROG.
HOW CAN THIS MAN NOT BE THE REAL DOOM?
AND IF HE'S NOT, SHOULD I BE WORRIED?
YOU LOOK DISTURBED, WIRE. IS SOMETHING WRONG?


NO... NO. I WAS JUST... UH... WONDERING WHERE WE'RE HEADED.
THE SOUTH PACIFIC.
I HAVE AN ISLAND TO INVADE.
"In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?"
—William Blake
NEXT: DOOMED